

Maiden's Statue

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Summary: A statue of a maiden has always lured him to that museum. Myths sometimes aren't just myths.. and some of them are told wrong. Including this one myth about the goddess of wilderness and her companion. [Mericcup][still thinking if I should continue. Add to your reviews if I should]

Maiden's Statue

****This is my **_**first**_** Mericcup drabble.
ENJOY.****

****Disclaimer: I do not own BRAVE and HTTYD.****

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><p>I look at the statue before me. A marble statue of a maiden posed grabbing an arrow from the quiver behind her as her other hand holds a long crescent bow. Her pose was ever so graceful you'd think she wasn't the kind of goddess to go hunting.<p>

But she is.

She's the goddess of wilderness. You could see it in her expression. Even though her eyes are colorless, you could still see it. Her hair, although stone, was messy because of the wind that was supposed to be blowing it.

I shove a hand inside the pocket of my pants. A little girl with red curly hair came and tugged my sleeve. She's been staring at me for quite a while now.

"Hey mister, how come you're here everyday?" she asked.

I gave her a small smile, "I like it here." I simply answered. I see her here everyday too, "What about you? How come you're here

everyday?"

The little girl let go of my sleeve and looked at the statue before us, "I like hearing her story. Except for the part where she killed her companion."

The latter part made me smile wider. I glanced to the statue then back at the little girl, "You wanna know something?" I crouched down and whispered, "Not everything the tour guide says is real."

Her expression brightened as if she found the holy grail, "Really? Do _you _know?_"

I nodded. With that, she grabbed my sleeve again and pulled it repeatedly, "Tell me! Tell me!" she squealed.

A small laugh escaped my lips, "Alright, alright. Let's sit over at that bench." I nodded to where an empty bench sat. She nodded at me and pulled me there. She was really excited.

"So what happened? Which part did the tour guide say is true?"

"All of it except for the last part." I glanced to where a statue of the goddess' fallen companion stood. I sensed the little girl glance where I looked, "You mean she didn't kill him?"

I shook my head, "No. She didn't."

The girl just stared at me, waiting for an explanation. I chuckled, "That part where the goddess' parents found her companion's body, that wasn't his body." Before she could speak, I continued, "It was hers."

As I expected, the little girl's eyes widened in shock. The corner of my lips tugged to form a curt smile.

"Really!? Then what happened to her companion?"

"She turned him to an eagle and let him fly away so he won't get killed." I stare at her sparkling blue eyes. I continued, "She loved him so much she let herself get killed in exchange for his life. But because her companion was loyal to her, he asked her what he could do to let her memory live on."

"What did she say?"

"'Carve a statue of me', she said. 'You are a good sculptor. Don't stop doing it. I know how much you love the arts.' she smiled at her companion. But it wasn't enough. He asked her favor of her." I said.

Her head tilted, "What is it?"

"The companion asked her to make him immortal so he could do her biddings still."

"He's really loyalâ€¦"

"He loves her a _lot_, that's what I think. At least that's what my grandfather made me think." I grinned broadly.

Suddenly, someone called her name, "Moira!"

We both shifted on our seat and looked behind. A teenage girl wearing a cap strode towards us. She had a furious expression.

"Moira! Dad's looking everywhere for you!" she said loudly but not shouting.

The little girl, Moira, made a pout, "I'm sorry." She looked at me. Her older sister talked to me, "I'm sorry about her disturbing you, mister." she apologized.

I smiled, "Oh no. It's fine." It's nice to have someone to talk to sometimes.

Moira got off the bench and waved at me. She and her sister were leaving when suddenly she let go of her sister's hand and ran back to me. She whispered, "By the way, you look like that statue of the goddess' companion." she pulled away and smiled.

I smiled back. My eyes moved to where her sister is. Her sister took off her cap, making her tangled mess of curls fall. My eyes were glued to her for a while before I looked back at Moira. She was looking at her sister.

"It's funny. My sister and the goddess look similar too! I tell her that maybe she's the reincarnation of the goddess. She frowns at me and tells me I'm silly." Moira giggled.

Am I.. Maybe if..

"What's her name?" I asked. My heart was pounding on my chest.

"Merida." With that, she smiled and waved goodbye to me and ran off to her sister.

I slowly stood up as I stared at their retreating form. I rememberâ€|

"I'll live again one day. You and I will meet." She said as she reached for my dirty cheek.

"When? Where?" I asked pleadingly. I could feel her life drain away from the coldness of her hand. Her hand that used to be so warm like the sun.

"Someday.. I will appear the same.. but I will not remember you. Be there when the time comes." She looked deep into my green eyes.

"Where? Where do I wait?" I asked anxiously, nervous that she might close her eyes.

"And she did. Her lips became pale. Her rosy cheeks were no more and her hand fell lifeless.

I waited for thousands of years for this. Finally. She's here.

And this time I won't let her die.

* * *

><p>This is based on the Greek myth of Artemis and Orion. I twisted the tale about Orion's death. What do you think? I hope you guys liked it. Do review. I posted this on my Tumblr. My Tumblr account is _**xcandyslice.**_

Don't forget to add about what you think if I should continue this or no.

Yes, the grandfather part is a _lie_.

Criticisms, reviews, comments and the like are welcome!

End
file.